

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Niki Eagletown paced the outside aisle between the last row of desks and the windows. She could see the schoolyard and the small park beyond, its trees and shrubs just beginning to bud with spring. Because of the slant of the afternoon sun, she was also able to see her image reflected in the glass.

She paused for a moment, the way a woman will when passing a mirror, and groomed her long blonde hair with her fingers, inspecting herself abstractly in the window's reflection. Never, though, did she pause in her lecturing, the day's lesson on chemical reactions between basic oxides and acids flowing from her lips in a never-ending stream of words. Niki Eagletown was known as a hard taskmaster by her high school students, even though to look at her, one would think she would be warm and tender and perhaps too soft on the freshmen who took her course.

In fact, some couldn't understand how Niki could stand being a teacher at all when there were so many more exciting and pleasant things for somebody as beautiful and provocative as her. Most of these were men who had tried dating her at one time or another and who had subsequently been firmly rebuffed in their romantic efforts. Niki was thirty-one, of medium height and a little on the slender side, with full, high-peaked breasts and firmly rounded thighs, long sculptured legs, and a flat, taut belly. All of which were more in keeping with the budding figures of the girls in her classes instead of a woman twice their age.

Her face was a heart-shaped oval with a pert stubby nose and large Koala-bear eyes with bright ice-blue pupils. Her lips were naturally crimson and needed very little lipstick. They habitually curved outwards and down in a mock, seductive pout. Her smooth skin was the ivory of a natural blonde. However, during the summer months, she took a tan readily and became a golden hue. Add to all that a melodious voice with a seductive, throaty purr, and it was no wonder that the vice-principal chewed his report cards with frustration!

At the moment, her class was either looking at her or their open books and all of them were fidgeting. They wound their legs around the metal supports of the seats in front of them, sliding down farther and farther in their chairs and doodling aimlessly with their pens. Niki Eagletown talked on, and she was only half-heard, the teenagers impatient to get outside in the lovely weather, their eyes rolling around the room like cattle in a small enclosure.

Finally, the voluptuous blonde teacher made a complete circuit of her class and came once more to her desk. It was on a raised platform and was much larger than any of the others and was cluttered with reports, bunsen burners, and all the paraphernalia necessary to conduct experiments. When she stood behind her desk and stared out at them, the students all knew it was time to pay closer attention, as much as they wished not to. There was the soft, sibilant sound of cleared throats and shifting clothes, like the rustle of dry leaves across the ground.

"Bertram," she said, indicating a tow-headed boy. "Would you tell us all what happens when acids are added to bases?"

"Uh... salts are formed, Mrs. Eagletown."

"Very good. And what determines the number of salts that can be formed? Not you, Elmira. I can see you've done your homework! Sherry? Will you tell the class the answer?"

The girl in the third row, the fourth seat, blushed a violent red and lowered her head. "It... it is determined by... by... by..."

"Don't you know, Sherry?"

"Yes, Ma'am... only I can't say it."

Niki Eagletown made a mark in her grade book with an indelible pencil. "Then I'll say it for you, Sherry. A salt is formed by the replacement of the atom or atoms of hydrogen in the acid by the metallic atoms of the base. Thus, acids that contain more than one atom of hydrogen can have more than one salt. How many salts can sulfuric acid have ah... Jerrold?"

The boy named Jerrold looked up with absolutely blank eyes. He clenched and unclenched his fists, squirming in his chair, and his jaw worked up and down without uttering a single sound.

"I could have sworn that Jerrold was here when we began class," Niki Eagletown said tartly. "Excuse me while I mark him absent."

The class was given time to giggle.

"Merribelle? Can you tell us?"

A high-pitched nasal voice began: "Two, Mrs. Eagletown. It has two atoms of hydrogen, so it -"

Briinnnggg!

Merribelle was rudely interrupted by the raucous sound of the class bell. It was five minutes to three, and another boring school day was over, and better yet, it was Friday! A whole weekend of freedom loomed ahead! The bell produced a nervous explosion, a discharge of every ounce of restraint that had been stored up during the long hours. Niki Eagletown couldn't have prevented her pupils from talking out loud and scraping their books together if she'd wanted to. If truth be known, she was just as glad her last class was over as they were.

Immediately, Merribelle and sulfuric acid atoms were forgotten by all, and the boys and girls stood in the aisles and chattered like magpies as they filed out the door. The chemistry classroom emptied, and from the long halls came the echoing reverberation of lockers being opened and shut and students coming and going. Mrs. Eagletown was left standing behind her desk; they all had something to do, someplace to go.

All except the thirty-one-year-old teacher. She smiled wistfully as the last of her students drained from the room and left it empty. Then she began gathering her papers together with a slow, precise grace, her mind wandering as it often did at the end of the day about where she should go and what she should do.

'Home,' she thought morosely. She'd go home just like always, home to a rambling ranch house that was as sterile and vacant as this classroom. And it shouldn't be this way! She should be going out and having fun, letting a nice man take her to dinner and dancing and maybe even... oh God, it was madness to think this way!

"I'm still a young and attractive woman," she groaned under her breath, "but I might as well be an old hag. It might even be better if I were..."

She hung her head shamefully, leaning forward on her hands in a posture of repentance. The papers and books on the desk were a blur of meaningless nothings to her as she contemplated the barren weekend ahead. It was always worse on Friday and Saturday afternoons. However, now, even the weekday evenings were becoming heavier to bear alone. Yet the thought of being with a man and

encouraging his affection and friendship produced a still greater reaction of aversion in her heart. A man inevitably meant a relationship, possibly even a sexual one in time, and always that reminded her of her ex-husband.

Her marriage to Ralph Eagletown had only been one year out of her life and seven years ago at that, but the scars of that brief interlude were still carved in her soul. She had finally become accustomed to living in the large house that had been theirs and which had been part of the divorce settlement; now, it merely produced a dull ache every once in a while when she considered it. But the thought of Ralph invariably produced a sharp, icy chill, and even now, as she stood at her desk, she could sense the acute pangs growing in her chest.

Instead of the womanly warmth that love should have brought her, she only had the frigid void of fear and despair, which no man had ever been able to crack since her parting with Ralph. And, wretchedly, she knew that emptiness included Ralph. Especially Ralph. While there had been things wrong with him, as there is with any human being, she instinctively realized that the blame for their dissolution rested squarely on her shoulders. Or rather, she was pushed to admit grimly, the blame rested down between her legs...

Niki knew deep in her mind that she attracted men easily. Without being immodest, she was aware that her figure and manner were disturbingly desirable and that there was nothing outward to indicate her inner frigidity. She looked all woman, a totally sensual female. Ralph had been taken in by it, and she couldn't face the prospect of chagrin and horror that another affair would surely produce. So she lived alone... and hated it.

It wasn't as if she didn't know what was at the root of her problem. But knowing the problem and knowing the solution are two different things. Even though she had loved Ralph very much, she hadn't been able to respond to him the way a full-blooded woman should. Every time they went to bed, her mother was there between them in spirit, and the ghost of the old lady held her daughter back, curdling the physical response that nature had instilled in her body.

Niki's mother was puritanical and prudish, but unlike Niki, she believed sincerely hers was the only right way for a woman to behave. She had explained the mysteries of sex to her child when Niki had come running home with her first menstruation, tearfully afraid something was wrong, and she was bleeding to death. The mother's teachings had consisted entirely of dire warnings about the bestiality of men and the woman's chore of submitting to their disgusting animal-like ruttings, which overcame good taste and gentlemanly breeding. A woman had to endure but never allow herself to serve in the evil and filthy practice of procreation willingly. To this day, Niki can recite the chapter and verse of St. Paul and St. Augustine and the passages concerning the devil's love of flesh and the meaning of Original Sin.

It was certainly no wonder that Niki lasted as a virgin all during high school and teacher's college, despite the numerous temptations cast her way. When, at the age of twenty-three, she had fallen in love with Ralph and lost some of her reluctance, he had tried to explain to her that her mother was wrong. But the damage was too complete, and no matter how logical or loving he was, he couldn't dent the mother's insidious teachings, which by then had seeped into Niki's subconscious and controlled her basic emotions. The result had been that she'd remained untouched until her wedding night and, if she'd had her way, would have continued undefiled afterward. Love was pure, sex was ugly... and the two could never be joined.

"Be kind, Ralph," she pleaded that first night together. "Please, be gentle with me."

And Ralph had been gentle and kind with her. But in the double bed with him, Niki's eyes filled with

tears, and when he caressed her breasts through the transparency of her honeymoon nightgown, her whole curvaceous body shuddered uncontrollably. She sucked in her breath convulsively when he slid the nightgown up over her naked body and began kissing the pink nipples of her breasts, making them harden and distend with involuntary desire.

She could recall, after all these years, every clear detail of his strong hands sliding over her nude skin in the darkness of the motel bedroom and the way her flesh had betrayed her mind by responding with shivery goosebumps of delight. His fingers moved slowly lower until, at last, they teased softly over the curly, silken hairs of her pubic mound. Then down deeper to find their way gently into the tight valley between her tender vaginal lips.

Now, staring sightlessly down at the pile of work on her desk, Niki Eagletown fought to erase the memories that still haunted her, but without success. The painful recollections of her marriage were too vividly seared in her mind ever to be forgotten or forgiven. She unconsciously trailed her eyes down her conservative woolen dress, thinking how Ralph had traveled the length and breadth of her naked body that first night and on many subsequent nights after that. And she recalled the unwanted sensations he had caused to ripple through her exposed loins, now so correctly covered from the blatant exhibition.

Ralph had been her husband, and she knew it was her wifely duty to please him. But her mother's warnings about tiny electric sensations of pleasure were still too strong for her to overcome. She lay frozen on her wedding bed in fear that there was something wrong with her because he was sexually arousing her. And when her lawful mate lowered his strong, muscular body between her cringing thighs and probed her defenseless virginal passage with his thick, throbbing penis, Niki was more terrified than she'd ever been before in her life.

Ralph's massive cock-head buffeted lightly against her hymen, easing its way into the undiscovered moistness of her soft trembling pussy. It felt too good to her to be anything else except evil... and then she was able to sense the tight ring of her purity give way to the prodding tip of his long, hard cock. There was a spasm of pain, she recalled, but not like any pain she'd ever known before. It was warm and more fulfilling than frightening, and she involuntarily gasped with delight as she felt him slide further up inside her tightly claspung cunt.

Yet, helped by her overbearing mother's disapproving image, she was able to fight away even the tiniest bit of excitement from her senses. She endured her new husband's lustful passions with hundreds of puritanical proverbs she had become infused with. She recited them silently with her eyes squeezed tightly shut, and her lips bared back over her clenching teeth. She prayed her morality wouldn't desert her as she heard Ralph's breathing become harsher and more difficult. She sensed the contradicting emotions surging through her when his penis flooded her vagina with great spurts of his hot thick sperm. That was the only reason for allowing a man to have his way with her... for children, for procreation... or so, she told herself over and over.

Still, in spite of her firm resolve not to weaken, somewhere in the back of her mind were excited nerve-endings that lewdly reveled in the spewing warmth of his semen. His pulsating cock pressed rhythmically against the smooth, rippling walls of her helplessly contracting pussy. Those sudden, uncontainable spasms of delight had scared her breathless, and she redoubled her promises to resist the slightest sign of prurient pleasure for fear of becoming no better than a sluttish whore.

The next few nights were even worse for the newlywed couple, no matter what Ralph did to try to overcome her resistance. Niki's inability to rid herself of her mother's image and actively enjoy his love-making made her stiff and rejecting until she was almost driven insane with guilt. It got so that in her mind's eye, his hardened erection was the symbol of all she was supposed to hate. The sight of

it projecting thick and spear-like from his hairy loins was enough to set her trembling with witless anxiety. The blood-rigid rod of male flesh was too big, too lustful, and overpowering for her to accept. She groaned beneath its thrusting and surging with undisguised aversion.

Months passed, and even talking out their problem was too painful to do any good. It was a time of hellish agony for the young woman, and she lay awake at night, listening to her husband toss and turn in his frustration. Even during the day, life was becoming increasingly unbearable for them -for Ralph because his wife's apparent repulsion to sex made him feel sexually inadequate for the first time in his life, and for Niki, because her fears and frigidity made her hostile, not only to her husband but to herself as well.

Eventually, her consistent denial of sexual pleasure reached the point of no return. Over a nightclub dinner on their first anniversary, Ralph drank a bit too much. He yelled angrily: "I want a divorce. I want out. You cold-cunted icebox so that I can find me a real woman."

And a self-denying, cold-cunted divorcee Niki had remained ever since, miserable and subconsciously frustrated...

With a heavy sigh of regret and self-pity, the melancholy teacher gathered her books and papers together and, with a last look around the cavernous room, walked out and shut the door behind her. The hall was empty, the mad exodus of students over now, and her footsteps were a lonely sound to her ears. She could hear the last bus leaving the parking lot, and from further on came the distant yells of the school's baseball team practicing on the field. Pretty soon, the custodian would begin his rounds, pushing the day's collection of dirt and trash ahead of him with his big broom. Perhaps I should let him sweep me up, too, she contemplated sadly. I'm not any more use than an empty bottle or a discarded candy wrapper.

Disconsolately, Niki Eagletown walked down the stairs at the end of the hall and along the basement corridor toward the teacher's lounge, where she kept her hat and coat. But as she was passing the door to the girl's locker room, she heard an odd sound that made her pause. Curious, she cocked her head to one side, wondering if she'd heard correctly.

Yes! There the noise was again! It was a very faint wet sound, almost a sucking sound, that was coming from the other side of the door, interspersed with soft moaning mewls! What on earth?

More perplexed with every passing second, Niki stood wondering what the weird noises could be, and automatically, she glanced at her wristwatch. It was nearly three-thirty now, and nobody should be in the girls' locker room after the last gym class! Was somebody hurt, unable to cry out for help? Maybe... but she could not be certain. The walls were thin, and the door was hardly soundproof, but the sounds were so low as to be unintelligible. It would be terribly embarrassing to burst in and find that there was nothing wrong... but still... if there was a girl injured, it was her responsibility to find out!

She hesitated for another moment, and then she thought she could detect a vague whimpering. This convinced her to act, and resolving to take a quick look inside just to set her mind at ease, Niki pushed open the swing door. Just inside was a plywood partition, which acted as a screen to protect the girls' privacy as they changed or took showers. On the other side were the three rows of back-to-back metal lockers, with the tile shower room on the right and the exit to the gym on the left. The unknown sounds were in the direction of the showers. As she walked quietly toward the last row of lockers, she wondered if they were human or animal or perhaps the dripping of a shower nozzle left on inadvertently when the students had hurriedly departed.

Louder now, closer and more distinct, the sounds beckoned her nearer. Well, the noises were obviously not from the shower, she told herself irritably; while it might be wet, a shower drip would splash, not whimper and moan! She turned the corner of the locker row, gazing idly down the length, half-expecting it to be empty as the other two had been. Then her heart leaped into her throat!

Oh God! she cried silently, biting her lip to keep from screaming out in shock. On the long wooden bench in the middle of the aisle was a naked adolescent girl. Naked girls on locker-room benches are very ordinary and far from surprising in themselves – it was how this girl was naked that blew the blonde teacher's mind!

Niki Eagletown recognized the maturing body of young Siska Spanner, a dark-haired girl who took one of her morning classes. Siska was lying on her back, her firm, nubile breasts swelling high and perky, their tiny brown nipples standing straight up in quivering hardness. Her ripely curved buttocks were at the edge of the bench, her slender white thighs scissored open to lewdly expose the thin pink lips and sparse pubic hair of her developing vagina. Her bare feet were flat on the floor, and squatting between her widespread legs was a large German shepherd dog.

Niki had never seen the dog around the school before. However, by its heavy leather collar, it obviously was somebody's pet and not merely a stray running wild. It looked well fed and cared for, its fur glossy and combed. It also had an intelligent if slightly wicked gleam to its eye, and it was a handsome beast in a savage and untamed manner that inadvertently brought chills to Niki. At the same time, she stared speechless at them both.

The monstrous brute remained on its haunches as if it hadn't noticed Niki's entrance. It was entirely absorbed by the obscene vision of Siska Spanner's indecently displayed genitals. And, still more horrifying to the wide-eyed teacher was what the teen girl was doing to her pussy! The budding teenager's hands were crawling over the thinly hair-covered cunt lips, her erotically probing fingers working deep up inside the tiny hole of her vagina with the unmistakable cadence of masturbation!

This was the soft sucking sound Niki had heard all the way out in the hall... and the moaning purrs of pleasure coming from the girl's parted lips were the whimpers and mewls which had pushed her to investigate! Frozen to the spot, Niki gasped in stunned disbelief at the perverted spectacle of this immature child finger-fucking herself in wanton disregard for common decency right in front of a dog!

But perversely, as the older woman watched, she couldn't help remembering the many nights alone when she'd nearly gone insane with sexual desire... until she had relieved herself the same way with her fingers, masturbation being the only way she'd ever been able to respond to the passions locked inside of her openly. The teacher blushed scarlet as the guilty thought flicked through her consciousness, her breath involuntarily quickening.

But this couldn't continue! Niki told herself that she would have to put a stop to Siska's public display at once, as embarrassing as it would be for both of them. She would be stern but understanding, but she couldn't tiptoe away and pretend she hadn't seen the girl touching herself so wickedly. And it was for Siska's good as well – what if another teacher or girl walked in?

But before she could summon the breath to say something, her facial muscles tightened with newfound horror! The naked girl had removed her finger and was now slowly spreading the lips of her swollen little cunt. The soft wisps of pubic hair covering the tender pink slit were gleaming with vaginal secretions. Now Niki could see the entire plane of her moist, fleshy crevice brazenly offered in hungering supplication.

"Here, Enzo!" the girl pleaded, "Come here and lick me! Ohhh, you damned dog, come here and eat my pussy!"

The horribly obscene request was beyond Niki's comprehension! She staggered back a step while she saw the German shepherd obediently rise and move closer, and she attempted to clear her reeling mind and think straight. The nearly overpowering thought that she should now intervene at all costs and put an end to this flagrant exhibition fumbled in her brain. Lord! She had to scream or rush in or something! She had never witnessed such a perverted abandonment of all that was chaste and holy!

But all Niki could seem to do was shudder from the perverse stimulation that indulging in something forbidden gives, even against one's will. She watched in fascinated disgust as the girl's head rolled back and forth on the bench, contorted with the faraway stare of erotic obsession. At the same time, the dog sniffed closer along her trembling young thighs.

"Yes... yes, Enzo, lick me out good, you marvelous dog! Ohhhh...!"

The huge snout of the dog inched still closer, and then his long red tongue darted out and obscenely licked along her inner leg. He teased the teenager's smooth, creamy skin, arousing her to an unreal reverie of passion, her eyes staring inward at the sexual delights that were coursing through her inflamed loins. The German shepherd was running his tongue over the gentle swell of her buttocks now, taunting her as if Don Juan himself had trained it in the arts of love.

"Ohhhh shit!" Siska groaned uncontrollably. "Higher, Enzo, higher! Sink that tongue of yours right in my twat!"

Niki watched in transfixed horror, unconsciously licking her dry lips with her tongue as she saw her student urgently spreading the pink cuntal lips still wider. Through the moisture, the curling damp hair, and the bright quivering pussy lips, Niki could see the erected tip of the girl's clitoris glistening with succulent desire. Then Enzo raised his head, and his tongue flicked forward to flutter lightly over the trembling bud that nestled in the raw wetness of her open pink slit.

Siska's body jerked spasmodically at the sensational shocks of pleasure that pierced through her nubile flesh. She automatically began to roll her hips back and forth in an obscene rhythm to match the animal's tonguing of her cunt. Her tightly clenched teeth could not suppress the agonizingly delicious mewls of passion that rumbled from her throat, making her sound even more sensual and abandoned with each undulation of her writhing thighs.

Hypnotized, the older woman stared at the girl, twisting to the obscene licking between her legs. Never! Never before had she imagined that such terrible depravity existed! She had heard of men who sometimes bent a girl to their will and pushed her to submit when they put their mouths down there... but Siska Spanner was craving it, begging for it in no uncertain terms, and, worst of all, from a dog!

It was so horrid, but at the same time mysterious to the divorced teacher, how this cherubic girl was allowing it to happen... and enjoying it! Niki had found a certain measure of empathy when she'd been watching Siska masturbating, something in the girl's lost glassy stare having reminded her of when she would writhe from her exciting touch. But now, this child was being aroused to an unheard-of pitch by a dog, not by her fingers!

"Ohhhh, yes! Enzo! Lick it! Lick it! Eat my snatch! Ohhhh, you're a lovely lover!"

The words burst forth, broken and swallowed and choked with passion. Niki found herself listening,

a tightening sensation beginning to grip the pit of her stomach. The girl was clutching the hair of the dog's neck with both hands and was desperately grinding her naked pussy up against its snout. Niki could see the dog working faster, its tongue lashing out snake-like and disappearing into the soft hair-fringed pussy lips, the sensual sight and sounds rooting her breathless to the floor.

"More, Enzo! Lick my bush faster!" Niki heard young Siska pant. "Yes, yes, like that... oohhhhh...!"

Tormentedly, the mature blonde teacher began to realize that her first reaction of horror and disgust was slowly dissipating, and she was being affected in a way she had never dreamed possible. Now a strange, light-fingered quivering was growing deep between her thighs, building unwantedly with every moment the huge beast slavered in the girl's cuntal slit. It was wagging its tail joyously now, its head bobbing furiously and causing vile, wet sucking sounds between Siska's widespread thighs.

"Ahhhhh!" the girl sighed deliriously.

It raised a rash of goosebumps across Niki's flesh and up to her full breasts, now beginning to heave and harden, the nipples distending sensitively against the sheer netting of her brassiere. She could see the German shepherd's tongue once more, working eagerly in slobbering subjugation at the wide-splayed tightness of the girl's little cunt. She could see the contortions of her face above the white jiggling mounds of her breasts.

Suddenly, Siska jerked her legs up off the floor, bringing them high up in the air and then back until her knees touched her breasts. The complete surface of her tender, developing vagina was open to the eager dog. It flicked its tongue into the little puckered rosette of her anus, and Niki stared as if mesmerized by the sight, and a long low moan bubbled from Siska's lips.

"Oohhhh, don't stop, don't stop!" the girl whined, writhing her buttocks furiously against the hot licking tongue spearing mercilessly between the open cheeks of her upraised buttocks. "Damn you, Enzo! You're driving me wild!"

Niki Eagletown barely dared to breathe now. The rasping sound escaping from her own throat has become so loud. Her mouth was hot and dry, and the lustful sensation tickling unwantedly between her thighs caused her to clamp her legs tightly together. Never before in her life had she experienced such a revolting sense of fascination! The lewd scene and obscene sounds held her gripped, her full breasts commencing to ache with a throbbing desire of their own.

She found herself recalling the few times Ralph had tried to go down on her and lick her between the legs and how she had shouted at him how evil and corrupt he was for entertaining such crude ideas. Now she almost wished she had allowed him to suck her pussy. She knew if her ex-husband were here right now... right now, this moment!

"I... I'm cumming, you fuckin' dog! Shit on a shingle, I... I'm going to cummmm!" the girl half-screamed, finally crooning off into a weird little wail as she choked and spluttered, arching her hips up off the bench in agitated response.

Niki was trembling uncontrollably while she viewed the girl's climax. Dear God, a dog had tongued her to orgasm... an orgasm which Niki had never experienced all the times Ralph had made love to her the normal way! It was beyond belief that this could be happening... but it was! Was it possible that women were all alike, that they were supposed to enjoy sex?

But as Siska sprawled satiated back against the bench, the calm aftermath seemed to snap the older teacher back to her sanity. Enzo, too, acted as if he were aware that the wild orgiastic session was over, moving back from the still-quivering flesh of the girl's saliva-glistening vagina. He turned and,

for the first time, acknowledged Niki's presence, staring headily at the woman, his ears pricking up as he tilted his head.

Lord, don't let him bark! Niki found herself praying. She was filled with far more apprehension than fear, less worried that he would suddenly attack her than that he would warn Siska that she was here in the locker room. All she wished to do now was silently creep out, heavy with guilt and self-loathing for the way she'd responded to the sordid spectacle. She was in no condition to chastise the girl and certainly not wholesome enough to counsel her about feminine decency! Let her who is without sin cast the first stone... and she couldn't do that any longer, not after the way she'd been thinking! Did not the Bible teach that it is as great a sin to think evil as to practice it? God! What had she allowed to overcome her?

Niki backed away, feeling lost and soiled, not knowing what to do. But, before she was able to reach the partition, her worst fears were confirmed.

"Arf!" went the dog.

"Mrs. Eagletown!" cried the girl.

Siska Spanner sat up convulsively at the bark of Enzo. Her legs were still splayed on either side of the bench, the wet moisture of animal saliva dripping from her pink cuntal slit. Her hand was up to her mouth, choking back a terrible, whimpering cry as she recognized the chemistry teacher standing nearby. Shame and guilt came to her in that split instant, and her face flamed with livid humiliation.

"Oh no!" she gasped, her eyes widening hysterically. "Oh, Mrs. Eagletown, I... I... What are you doing here?"

"There was noise," Niki blurted, her mind whirling in its effort to find the proper words. "I came in, afraid somebody was hurt. B-But it's what you are doing here that's important!"

Siska averted her crimsoning face, moaning in sickening anguish. "You... saw me, didn't you?"

"How could I help it?" Niki said sharply but then fell silent.

The older woman found herself momentarily stymied, the guilt of her obscene behavior weighing heavily on her conscience. She knew she should say something and tried to steady her conflicting thoughts to be the proper teacher, the calm and rational adult who could handle such things.

"I... I think you had better get dressed, young lady," she finally managed to utter in a quavering tone.

"Oh crap," the girl moaned uncontrollably, leaping to her feet. She completely ignored the dog now, who was sitting on its haunches again, looking slightly bewildered at this abrupt turn of events. Wildly, the girl sought her clothing, opening one of the lockers next to her and pulling on a jersey blouse and a pair of stretch pants. In her hurry and panic, she didn't bother with panties or a bra.

"P-Please, Mrs. Eagletown," she tearfully begged as she dressed. "Please, don't rat on me! I mean, don't tell my parents what happened! They'd kill me!"

"I... I don't know..." Niki stammered, still in a daze.

"What are you going to do?"

"I simply don't know! Whose dog is this, Siska?"

"Oh no, please don't make me tell you! That'll make it even worse!" the young teenager blubbered frantically. "Enzo is a nice dog most of the time, and they'll put him to sleep or something awful like that!"

"But-"

"He wandered in here!" Siska continued feverishly. "Yes, that was it! Enzo wandered in here while I was changing, and... he pushed me to let him lick me! He growled at me and everything! Just look at his teeth!" Then, as if realizing that she had just talked herself into a circle by her patent lying, the girl hastily tried to set things straight again. "But really, he's a very nice dog, and he's never done anything like this before, and I'm sure if you'll let him-"

"Stop fibbing to me, young woman!" Niki snapped impatiently, "I saw you, I saw everything that went on in here, and you deliberately urged that dog to... to... do that after you..." She couldn't bring herself to speak the descriptions of the acts she had witnessed openly. The words seemed to catch in her throat, an unwanted sensation of excitement welling up in her chest at the remembrance they caused. "What you did was ugly and perverted, Siska Spanner, and lying about it will not make it any better!"

The girl blanched with terror, stumbling back a pace as fear of what the chemistry teacher could do to her loomed in her mind. "B-But he did, I tell you! Enzo wanted to rape me, only I... it was exciting, and I couldn't help myself," she concluded lamely.

Then, her young feral mind working at high speed, she suddenly began to see a way out of her dilemma. "But if you knew what happened, Mrs. Eagletown, you must have been watching me the whole time!"

"I... that is..." Niki, suddenly caught off guard, was rapidly losing the last of her control, all thought of rational discourse with the teen girl fleeing from her troubled and troubled mind. "Don't be silly, I..."

"You were, weren't you?" Siska pressed smugly. "You've been standing there watching me playing with my cunt and getting Enzo to lick it, and you were digging it, weren't you?"

"Don't talk to me that way! I walked in here, and it was all too obvious what was going on!" But her face was becoming as red as Siska's was from the lewd accusation, and she knew her lie was as transparent to the girl as Siska's had been to her.

"Bullshit," the teenager snickered. "You knew what I was doing, and you didn't call a halt because you were getting your jollies out of it." The girl shrugged airily. "Well, don't get your ass in a flap, Mrs. Eagletown. We all have our hang-ups, and having my twat diddled by a dog is one of mine. Different strokes for different folks, I always say."

"Never in my born days have I been talked to this way!"

"Oh, come down off your chariot, Mrs. Eagletown. Hell, it would be best if you had let me know you were looking at me. I'd have gotten a bigger kick out of it!"

"Now, I certainly will tell your parents," Niki fumed.

"You aren't telling my parents or the principal or anybody," Siska replied slyly.

"I will!"

"Because, if you do, I'll tell how you stood there and watched me humping away! I figure it'll be worse for you than for me. I'm just a kid, remember? You're my teacher, and that'll really make the fur fly, especially if I let it slip that you were encouraging me. Just think of what a story like that would do to your reputation and future! And it's my word against yours!"

Niki felt her skin crawl at the sound of the immoral girl's threats. Siska was just enough of a little bitch to do it, too, she thought haplessly. The publicity, the reliving of the lurid details that could add nothing except more insult to injury... It would certainly entail an investigation, possibly before the Board of Education, and perhaps, if things got out of hand, into the courtroom! The girl could not only ruin her with her lies but send her to jail! She'd rather die than go to prison!

"You wouldn't dare!" she gasped out in horror. "You wouldn't dare do that to me!"

"If you force me to, I will," Siska responded callously. She grabbed her shoulder-strap handbag from the locker and began to stroll impudently toward the exit. "I don't see why there's all the fuss anyway. We all had a bit of fun, and nobody was hurt." She paused at the partition to turn and stare at the older woman with adolescent arrogance. "Just let me know when you want to turn on again, Mrs. Eagletown. I'll see what I can arrange."

"But... but the dog!" Niki babbled beside herself with a mixture of horror and anger, her mind a total confusion. "What about the dog?"

"It's not my dog. I don't care what you do with it. But I'm sure you'll think of something. Toodle-oo!"

And then, laughing, Siska Spanner sidled out the door, leaving the highly distraught chemistry teacher standing alone.

The End